

CHILDREN OF A LESSER DEMAGOGUE

"well," i ask her, "how did you like it?"

she says, "i thought it was great."

when it becomes apparent she has no intention of soliciting my opinion, i decide to give it to her anyway:

"i liked it while it was still pro-deaf, but when it started to get women's libby my enthusiasm waned."

she is watering a plant.

"actually," i say, "i thought he put up with way too much bullshit from the bitch."

she is hoisting the plant, like a union jack, in its macrame rig.

"he should have dumped her and found himself a beautiful deaf girl who wasn't such an almighty ballbuster. there must be millions, even trillions, of beautiful deaf girls out there who would be delighted to be taken to a poker game by william hurt. i bet a few of them might even consider me a great catch!"

a familiar scene is occuring: she is shaking her head and locking herself in the bathroom. i smile and turn on the ballgame.

